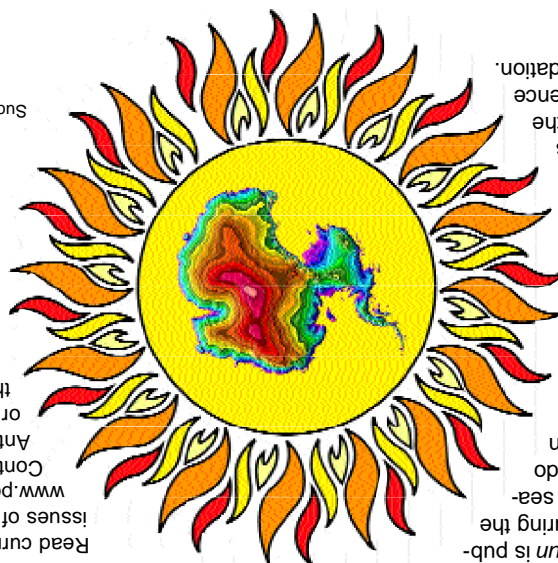


Cover photo by Cara
Sucher, laboratory super-
visor, Palmer Station.
Blue-Eyed Shags,
Cormorant Island

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Antarctic Sun Calendar

Season 2004-2005





Iceberg, Loudwater Cover
Second place scenic

Photo by Cara Sucher,
laboratory supervisor,
Palmer Station

First place haiku

Lingering iceberg
South wind cleaves her snowy breast
Girl becomes woman

- By Doug MacAyeal
glaciologist, McMurdo Station

January 2005

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual January events Icestock, Scott's Hut Race, APGA golf contest, Antarctica Marathon						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17 Birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr.	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

Third place nonfiction

Some things I forget when I am here
Where human footsteps have not
tread

I'm not the first to come here, of course, but with every walk I take in the endless expanse comes an overwhelming sense of raw newness... I feel like the ice I traverse has never been walked upon, and the air is so fresh that no human lungs have ever inhaled such purity. Everywhere is white – the icy ocean, snow covered hills and peaks white and the seals are white – the whole landscape is like an empty canvas devoid of humanistic impressions. Everything is dead and empty, falling prey to the cold and the wind – man has not defeated nature here – pure silence. Here it is, as it was, before humans and machines.

The ice calls the shots, and pays no mind to anyone's wishes – not even those of governments, who are forced to all but shut down operations here for over half of each year. Its an awesome thing to see firsthand – the power of Mother Nature's fiercest tools, wind and cold – the majesty of time sculpting landscapes. I am witnessing something special, something that has not changed much since prehistoric times, something very life affirming and earth-affirming.

- By Jeff Khurgel
dining attendant
McMurdo Station



Windy City from Castle Rock
Third place scenic

Photo by Bill Yates
Chaplain
McMurdo Station

January 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual January events Icestock, Scott's Hut Race, APGA golf contest, Antarctica Marathon				1 New Year's Day	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19 Birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr.	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Blue-Eyed Shags, Cormorant Island
First place wildlife

Photo by Cara Sucher,
 laboratory supervisor,
 Palmer Station

December 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual events Women's Soiree, Icebreaker arrives Ross Island Art Show			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	Christmas Day



Windy Day, Old Palmer
Second place people

Photo by Cara Sucher
 laboratory supervisor
 Palmer Station

The Box

First place microfiction

The flag's up. I'm on the list. I got a package!

Her name graces the return address label. I wait a moment to open it, cherishing the parcel that her soft hands caressed only a few weeks ago. I cut the packing tape and a ray of light pierces through the slit, causing me to blink from its intensity. Cautiously, I open the flaps and before me lies the complete embodiment of inspiration, a sight I could only see in the vision of slumber for the past four months.

A mountain, the storybook type mighty and bold fills the background with a perfect peak on top and a crown of snow. A sunset paints the pallet behind, orange and red, purple and gold, bleeding into the deep deep blue of a retreating sky.

The earthy aroma of autumn foliage permeates the air around me, encouraging me to look deeper into the box. A stream bubbles alongside a dewy meadow and a cluster of grazing deer. A grove of yellow aspen quakes lightly in the warm breeze, surrounded by a forest of spruce as far as I can see. A movement in the foreground draws my attention to her face. With an inviting smile and eyes of emeralds, my wife appears.

- By David Schutt
 electrician apprentice
 McMurdo Station

February 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16 Washinton's Birthday	17	18	19	20 First sunset 12:19 a.m.	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	Annual February events Final issue of Antarctic Sun Resupply ship arrives and vessel offload begins					



Adelie on the Run
Second place wildlife

Photo by Eric Kees
 worked in McMurdo medical 1993 to 1997
 now a medical microbiologist in Oregon

The Things I Left Behind

Second place nonfiction

Doing laundry every three days can be worse than the pain in the butt that comes along with a short supply of panties. After having moved four times in the last eight months, I now know that underwear, in all shapes and sizes, isn't the item to skimp on—even when you're trying to travel light.

When I started packing for my move to Antarctica, some things were cast aside quickly, like the Carharts I slough off after a long day of shoveling snow. Other things, however, have required a slow pulling away. Still attached to me like rubber bands stretched from the continental

U.S. to McMurdo, I know that these, too, will eventually brittle and break away. I've got a 1970 Volkswagen bus with a flat tire stashed in a friend's central LA carport, and my parents in Louisville, Kentucky have turned their driveway into a parking strip for my Toyota. Their basement now houses an assortment of other abandoned items like my sewing machine, a beach mat, and my favorite red dress coat.

On the first of every month, I send a check for \$73 to Garden of the Gods Self Storage in Colorado Springs, where the bulk of my possessions are stacked to the

ceiling of an insulated unit. A jigsaw puzzle of couches, chairs, pots and pans, the bulk of my belongings remain here. A few miles away, the house I used to own sits on a quiet street across from a park. The man that I used to own it with likely still smokes his cigarette first thing each morning on the front porch that peers over purple irises I planted there.

By the time I left Christchurch, I was teetering closely to my 75-pound cargo limit. But, I'd left a lot of baggage behind.

- By TJ Fisher
 general assistant, McMurdo Station

November 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2 Election Day	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11 Veterans Day	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25 Thanksgiving Day	26	27
28	29	30	Annual November events Thanksgiving Turkey Trot			



Nursing Pup
Third place wildlife

Photo by David Schutt
electrician apprentice
McMurdo Station

Third place poetry

The snow falls...
in your arms I lay
wrapped in your warmth
my mind drifting away

Thinking of memories
times of the past
relishing in our love
knowing it will last

Through all the storms
mother nature calls
knowing I'll be in your
arms
when the snow falls ...

- By Danielle Raymond
materials person
McMurdo Station

March 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
			St. Patrick's Day			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
South Pole sunset 9:20 p.m.						
28	29	30	31	Annual March events St. Patty's Day Party		

An Ice Tale

Third place microfiction

Casey pulls on her balaclava and I'm regretting I haven't brought mine. The breeze nips my ears and sometime after they go numb my mind shifts from our rambling conversation to frostbite.

What is she saying?

Chocolate brown stones crunch under our boots. Wind presses my clothes against my body, trying to find a way in. "What do you think?" she says, finishing a thought I've lost. And I think I say, "It's incredible," but really, I don't know. Because I can't stop Casey's eyes from looking like God made light only for them, and the rest of us see as an after-thought.

"Stop looking at me that way, or..." she says. The wind takes her voice and wraps it around Ob Hill.

We are here. We are nowhere because we chose to be here. And neither of us can explain why. Coming was impossible but simple, as natural and necessary as break-fast.

"Or you'll what?" I say, forgetting myself around the curve her neck makes under the fleece.

"Come here."

She leads me into the wind shadow of the Discovery Hut, says, "What do you think?"

I think I'll forget to breathe if she smiles again.

"This is sort of my whole life," I say, looking from Vince's cross to the hut, Arrival Heights, McMurdo across Winter Quarters Bay. "All I ever wanted was to be here, where they stood. In the story."

She has to stand on tiptoe when she kisses me and her lips, first cold, warm to my breath.

It takes seconds to put my thoughts back into my head so when she says, "That didn't happen," I don't know what she means.

"Still a frog?" she adds.

I think, "Part of history," but can't say it.

I'm history, now.

- By Joe Mastroianni
Comms/IT Mgr on O-314-M
McMurdo Station



Everyday
Third place people

Photo by Kaneen Christensen,
environmental remediation
McMurdo Station

October 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual October events Mainbody begins, First issue of Antarctic Sun Wine tasting, Halloween					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11 Columbus Day	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21 Final Sunrise 1:36 a.m.	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30



Return of the Skua

First place nonfiction

A migratory breed returns to Ross Island each austral summer. Characterized by their transient existence, part of the year here, part spent in warmer climes, and part spent traveling the world. Associations are formed within the flock that take on the appearance of permanence. But it is an illusion. Individuals that disappear are missed only transiently. Associations shift within the flock to accommodate. The migration pattern continues unaffected by individual losses.

Skua are tough, ruthless, and highly skilled. Ideally suited for the harsh, unforgiving environs of Antarctica. Self-sufficient survivors, parents produce

two eggs each season, although only the stronger progeny is nurtured. Weakness is not tolerated.

The migratory human population mirrors these same traits, or at least the ones that thrive here do. A breed of survivors themselves, they return to Antarctica for reasons as varied as their skills. The ability to put themselves ahead of all other concerns is an overriding trait.

As a second season member of the migrating flock, I felt ready to take on the challenge of living and working on the 7th Continent. Felt ready to greet other members of the flock as they cycled through McMurdo Station headed to or from distant parts of the

globe. Felt as if I'd know the place since spending 5 months here last season.

Instead I find myself walking with ghosts. The setting is familiar, but the feel of the place has changed. Friends made last season, really good friends, are now just acquaintances or worse yet, strangers. The perceived closeness diminished or perhaps never was.

What happens on the Ice stays on the Ice. That means that whatever happens here doesn't matter. I'll be one of the individuals that disappears from the flock. No one will notice. The migration will continue unaffected.

- By Susan MacGregor
senior analytical chemist,
McMurdo Station

April 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual April events Firehouse rodeo Winter beach party Job Fair				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

Antarctic Interlude

Second place poetry

Pierced is my mind
Oh so wondrous the sight
Of the torture of ice
Of the stark snowness of white

The blue hue of far mountains
Of the infinite scene
Of the frozen life fountain
And my smallness of being

Of the staggering stillness
No movement to see
Of the plunge of snow past
For its taste of the sea

Of the weathered rust rock
Of its volume and form
Of its birth and destruction
So the mighty shall fall

Of the innocence of emperors
No war and no green
Of their cry for my answer
Of a sense of between

Of the skua and seal
Of my time in their space
Of the things we do bring them
Along with our haste

In the cheek slashing chill
I ponder our nurture
I dwelt of the past
Should I weep for the future?

- By Murray Smith,
Helicopters New Zealand
Scott Base



Solitude
First place people

Photo by David Schutt
electrician apprentice
McMurdo Station

September 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual September events Flag tying party Welcome Winfly party			1	2	3	4
5	6 Labor Day	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20 South Pole sunrise 1:19 a.m.	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		



Room With a View
First place scenic

Photo by Eric Kees
 worked in McMurdo medical 1993 to 1997
 now a medical microbiologist in Oregon

A Storm Calling
First place poetry

Today the wind is a wolf at the door
 that runs wildly from place to place
 herding icebergs like huge frightened
 sheep
 across the roughed-up water
 toward their final abuse

Wavering seabirds hang on to their wings
 but cannot resist the offer of the wind
 flying just above
 the brash ice as it rails
 against the rocks

Across the harbor
 the glacier severs it's calves
 to crash mercilessly
 like stampeding bison
 over the edge

Hanging on with all its strength to the
 pole,
 the high, exposed flag of Antarctica
 unravels it's edges
 and begins to fly away
 thread by thread

We put up our best defense
 and huddle
 against the rioters
 though I admit
 only to you
 that I am willing
 to exchange my body's heat
 to become one of the
 wild ones.

- By Cherie Wilson
 enviromental assessment technician
 McMurdo Station

May 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual May events Bring on the Night party						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9 Mother's Day	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					



Eclipse
Second place other

Photo by Tom Cohenour
 construction coordinator
 McMurdo Station

August 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
			First sunrise 12:10 a.m.			First sunrise 11:45 a.m.
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	Annual August events Here Comes the Sun Party Annual Ross Island (winter) Art Show Ordering complete for resupply vessel			



C-17 at Sunset, Pegasus Field
First place other

Photo by John Weaver
 heavy equipment mechanic
 McMurdo Station

Second place haiku

Last Flight. Pups find life.
 Tania Caspa Oden live.
 Winter's bright delight.

- by Kay Lawson
 1983 and 1985,
 McMurdo Station

June 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual June events Gong Show		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
Father's Day						
27	28	29	30			

The Culture of Mac Town

Second place microfiction

Superficial, shallow meaningless couplings ... that delicious build up of tension, the dance of getting to know a stranger, the sparing and flirting and parting with no obligation to ever repeat the act. That's Mac Town culture.

There can be no other place on the planet with such a high concentration of these couplings on any given day. Breakfast with FNGs just in town for one week, lunch with the geo-physicists scheduled to traverse the Polar Plateau, supper with just yourself to indulge in people-watching over soup and hearty home-made bread. Everyday and every night potential interactions shuffle.

Southern Exposure, the last true testosterone zone in Antarctica, is a perfect spot to observe or perhaps arrange these couplings. I go there to watch the boys play. Burly men with long, soft tresses lean and stretch to line up the perfect shot, stroking the stick with a practiced hand or thrusting with the release of frustration. I could watch them endlessly. And often do until last call.

The hard part is the conversation. Tiresome introductions, names to try to remember, people sorting and filing you according to what you do and how many seasons you've deployed. I'd much rather just watch.

But there is that one young man with beautiful manners and such expressive eyes. I watch him like a cat eyeing a bowl of cream. The way his hair falls as he moves, his gait and stance and sad expressions. He has a habit of resting his chin on his crossed forearms as he sits at the bar and looks up into my eyes. A seasoned veteran, he fits the culture here. Which is a shame. I wouldn't mind actually getting to know that one.

- By Susan MacGregor,
senior analytical chemist, McMurdo



Mac Town at night
Third place other

Photo by James Pappas,
flight mechanic, McMurdo

July 2004

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Annual July events Fourth of July Party Mid-winter sprint to Scott Hut				1	2	3
4 Independence Day	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31